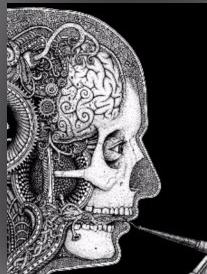




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# Psychopathy.

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## Chapter 1 by Skeld

I place the gun in my mouth and pull the trigger.

Nothing.

I get to live. Well, today at least. Tomorrow, I'll try again as I did today.

I'll wake up tomorrow and wear the black suit. Then I'll sit in my kitchen and play the Russian Roulette. Alone.

If I get to live, I'll go out and find a partner to play his or her turn. Like I am about to do now.

I get in my car with my kit-an ax and a bottle of Chloroform. I start up my car and wander around the city till I find my partner.

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smile. The kid is just a te

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the road. I creep up to him slowly just as he was zipping up and put the rag over his mouth. He struggled briefly but that yielded nothing to him. I tie him up and throw him in the backseat. It was all done in just under a minute. Nobody even had the time to say 'Jack and Jill'. Not that there was anybody there in that remote part of town.

I reach my house and immediately get to work. You see, you have to be ready to play the Russian Roulette. You have to dress up, get drunk and ah, of course you should have to cut off your tongue and break your leg.

Unfortunately, my partner does not have the capacity to do that.

But well, what am I here for? if not to help people. I take the boy to my room and untie him. I throw him on the bed and start my work...

## Chapter 2 by -



But no day is same for a Psychopath. No moment connects to the next. Just a string of loose screws rattling together, never knowing what they will be used for next.

That has been my life. Every circumstance is passing rapidly. My life is ephemeral. I have no knowledge of one thing to the next. I live by my every fleeting whim.

Which for a Psychopath, is as dangerous as it is unpredictable.

I awoke from a stupor to find that the boy had flown the coop. I was alone. With only my suicidal thoughts as company

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With sweaty anticipation, I slipped the key into the rusty slot and clicked the chest open. Ahh... The polished revolver! My most precious possession. It was the cleanest item in my home. I took better care of it than myself.

I shakily took it out of its case and shuffled over to my wooden square table, keeping my gaze upon my beauty.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I lifted the revolver to my mouth. Then with bated breath, pulled the trigger.

### Chapter 3 by -



"Cursed humanity!" I spat in disappointment, throwing the gun across my flat. My feet pounded against the wooden boards as I paced around the room wringing my hands. Perspiration dripped down my dirty face and soaked my shirt. A string of foul words seethed out between my teeth.

The madness I felt at that moment then disappeared. I stood upright and looked at my trembling palms. I rushed over to my precious revolver and carefully picked it up, staring at it in disbelief. "What are you doing here, my Beauty?" I took it and slowly walked over to the table, like a man dazed. I sat down on the chair, still holding the gun across my sweating open hands.

I watched my reflection on the shiny barrel. Then began polishing it. Wiping its smooth surface over and over...

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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